

Good Morning 424

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A Silver Wedding Snap for You

THERE has been an anniversary at your house while you have been busy winning the war, A.B. Sydney G. Mounsey—your parents' "Silver Wedding."

When we visited them at 68 Claremont Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, we heard all about it, plus several other messages for you, so here we are to pass them on.

Dad said that they didn't do much in the way of a celebration because they were by themselves; they only wish that you and Joe, your elder brother, were at home.

Mother asked us to tell you that your old pal, Charlie Howard, now training out in Canada, is engaged to be married to a Canadian girl.

We had a lovely tea altogether, in your cosy kitchen at the back of the house. Joey, your Budgie, was there, chattering away nineteen to the dozen, sitting on our photographer's head and taking a nibble of his tea every other word.

A.B. Sydney Mounsey

Joey is learning to talk rapidly. He can imitate the Greenwich time signal now, and he sits on top of the wireless, sticks his pretty little chest out, does the six pips, and then says very slowly and deliberately, "This is the B.B.C."

Your brother Joe wrote home the other day to say that he was fit and well and hoped that your parents and you were ditto.

He sent them a packet of chocolate from Trinidad, and your mother gave us a couple of bars to put in our pockets when we left!

A.B. Lawrence O'Neill has prunes and a pup at home

HERE'S a picture of Roy the puppy, latest addition to your family, Able Seaman Lawrence O'Neill.

Ever since your favourite dog Pat died, the folks at home have been looking for a successor, and when they saw Roy they just couldn't resist buying him for you.

I'm sure that your messmates will agree that your folks have got good taste. Personally, I think that Roy is a cute little chap, even though he has got teeth like razor blades. I spent a good ten minutes romping with him when I called at your home at 24 Windsor Terrace, Felling-on-Tyne.

"Good Morning" photographer Freddy Reed took this picture of Roy, together with Dad and your sister Esther, for you.

Esther asked us to tell you that she always makes prunes and custard for dinner—just in case you turn up unexpectedly.

The menu when we called was pretty good—roast beef, new peas and potatoes, cabbage, prunes and custard.



If rationing hadn't been in force, your Mum would have asked us to stay, she said; and no one was sorer than we were that Lord Woolton's successor only allows a bob's worth of meat apiece!

Your Dad had just returned from a holiday with your brother in Nottingham, and he

A GREY BUTTON MISSING FROM HIS RAINCOAT

STUART MARTIN tells "What the Crook Forgot"

IT was a grey button off a raincoat that started the suspicion of the police in the Casserley murder case which stirred Wimbledon (and London) early in 1938.

It was a missing revolver the police could not find that completed the chain of evidence.

It was a love-letter that linked the two clues. Come back with me to the evening of March 23rd, 1938. A police wireless car was cruising along Broadway, Wimbledon, at exactly 9.15. In the car were three police officers—Detective Sergeant Chilcott, Wireless Operator Keogh, and Policeman Frost.

Keogh's earphones began to crackle. It was "the Yard" calling. Policeman Frost, who was driving, spun his steering wheel and drove fast to Lindisfarne Road. He pulled up, in three minutes, outside a typically suburban villa.

THE house belonged to Percy Casserley, a retired managing director of a distillery firm. A neighbour informed the police that Mrs. Casserley was in his house, overcome by shock, for "somebody had broken into" the Casserley home and "Percy was dead."

But Percy Casserley was not dead at that moment. When Officer Chilcott entered the lounge he saw Mr. Casserley lying on the floor, his head against the bottom of a bookcase, one arm drawn up towards his head, one red slipper on his left foot, the other in the middle of the room, his horn-tipped glasses on the floor, and near his head a .25 cartridge case. Not far off was a live shell of the same calibre. In the wall just over Casserley's head was a bullet hole.

Chilcott undid the man's collar and was attending to him when a doctor arrived. (The doctor had been sent for by the neighbour.) Almost as the doctor entered Percy Casserley gave a sigh and died.

Was it suicide? Or murder? Mrs. Casserley was unable to give any further information. She lay in the neighbour's house so ill that the doctor had to give her an injection to stop her moaning.

Other police officers arrived. One of them found a grey overcoat button in the lounge. When they went into the dining-room they saw ranged in a row on the floor several articles of silver—a basin and teapot, a coffee pot, percolator. It looked like attempted burglary.

But when they went back to

look at the body of Percy Casserley they saw that there were several wounds on his head. They found a blood-stained torch, broken in two. They found also two gunshot wounds in Casserley's head. So it looked like murder.

The police started out with the grey button. They examined the clothing of the dead man; they went through the wardrobe. His clothing had no grey buttons.

The police checked up on the other occupants of the house. There was only one, a maid, who was off duty that night.

The police spent the remainder of the night and the next morning searching the garden for footprints or for the weapon from which the shots had been fired. They were told that Casserley had an automatic pistol. But it was missing.

Now, in a case like this there must be no half-measures. In a drawer in a bedroom upstairs a packet of love-letters was discovered. They were written by a man who signed them "Ted." They were addressed to Mrs. Casserley, who was a very pretty woman.

Patiently, by diligent search, they discovered "Ted." He was Edward Chaplin, a 35-year-old builder's foreman. He was friendly with the Casserleys, had done some work at a house nearby, and it was known that he and Mrs. Casserley were in love. The eternal triangle began to show.

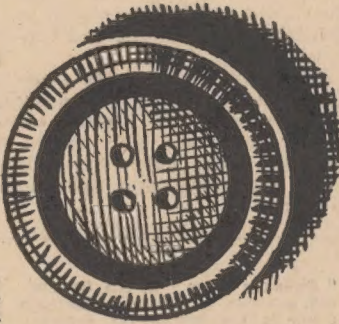
Three detectives soon discovered where they could contact Chaplin. He was working on a building at Epsom. They met him there.

"I read about the murder in the papers," he said frankly. "That's the first I heard about it."

It was suggested to him that he might come with them to make a statement. He readily assented, asking them to wait till he had washed his hands and put on a hat. He went into a shed, got his trilby hat and a raincoat.

And as he put the coat on one of the detectives noticed that the coat was wet and that a button on the top right side was missing.

In a police car they drove to Putney Police Station, stopping



on the way at Chaplin's flat so that he could change his clothes. It was then that one of the detectives lifted the overcoat and compared the buttons with that found at the Casserley home.

But Chaplin was ready for that. He fished a button out of his pocket and handed it over. "That is the button off the coat," he said. But the detective saw it was not.

At the police station he was searched. In his pocket was found another love-letter. He gave a description of his movements on the night of the killing; but when this was checked up it was not impressive. So the police went to his flat again and searched it. They got there a life-preserver, with blood marks on it.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury, who conducted the examination of Casserley's body, opined that the blood on the preserver was of the same group as the blood of the dead man.

Chaplin was charged with murder.

There was nothing very subtle in the case after all. Both Mrs. Casserley and Chaplin admitted being in love. Casserley had apparently not been too good a husband, and, according to Mrs. Casserley's story, had threatened to shoot her. Mrs. Casserley had gone to Chaplin and Chaplin had offered to return with her to her home and speak to her husband.

On arriving there, Chaplin told Mrs. Casserley that she was to go upstairs and "leave this to him." She had gone upstairs, heard the two men's voices raised in anger, then a struggle then shots.

Mrs. Casserley was also arrested, but the charge of murder was directed against Chaplin, to which he pleaded Not Guilty.

His explanation was that when he entered the room to speak to Casserley that night he had confessed to Casserley that he (Chaplin) was responsible for Mrs. Casserley's condition; whereupon Casserley had shouted "You

swine!" and pulled a revolver from a drawer.

After that the struggle, in which Chaplin had hit Casserley on the head with his electric torch, the gun had "gone off"—and that was that.

Mrs. Casserley, after Chaplin had gone, ran to the neighbour's house with the story of attempted burglary. It was a poor story, torn to shreds by the prosecuting counsel.

I saw Chaplin in the dock at the Old Bailey, where he was tried before Mr. Justice Humphreys. He was dressed in his best. He described the scene frankly, and seemed anxious to make a good impression on the public spectators as well as on the jury.

What was going on inside him, however, was not in keeping with his apparently serene manner, for when the blood-stained torch was brought in as evidence he turned pale, reeled and dropped in a faint in the dock.

And yet, as I watched him, and as I watched previously Mrs. Casserley, of one thing I am certain. I believe the two were deeply in love with each other.

It was a sordid story of intrigue, of a broken home, of a woman who, still attractive, had found the man she wanted, and the man the woman.

Evidently the jury thought the same thing, for they took over an hour to come to the verdict, and when they filed back into the box it was evident that Chaplin was feeling the strain. Was this to be his death, or his acquittal?

Slowly the routine was carried out.

"Have you reached your verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman. "We find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, not guilty of murder."

And then, as I watched Chaplin, I saw something break through the gloom of his face, something bright spring up behind the pale greyness of his skin.

"The jury," said the Judge in passing sentence, "have taken a merciful view of your case. I do not in the least quarrel with it; but you killed a man, and you killed him brutally."

Then he uttered the sentence—twelve years' penal servitude.

So I expect Chaplin is still in prison to-day. In prison men learn many things, and have many humiliations. But once again let me say that Chaplin's great anxiety after he was sentenced was for Mrs. Casserley and her child. He shielded her as much as he could, but it wasn't much.

You may notice that I have not mentioned the revolver in this story, except in a general way. The police would never have found it had it not been for Chaplin.

He had taken it away and had dropped it into the cavity of the wall he was building at Epsom, and had bricked it up. He told this to the police.

They had to tear down almost the entire wall before they found it.

Home Town News

IF you hear a Service man in Plymouth or Devonport say, "I'm going to sleep with the spooks to-night," you can bet he's going to book a bed at the Y.M.C.A. Hostel in Elliot Street.

The hostel leader, Mr. F. Osman, has had a lot of leg-pulling over the ghost he raised when spring-cleaning his office the other day.

For two hours all kinds of weird things happened. A jar containing soft soap flew off the window sill and hurtled across the room, smacking itself into smithereens on the wall safe. Then packs of playing cards, tubes of tooth paste, packets of

stationery and other articles leapt out of the cupboard and jumped all about the room.

Dominoes which had been placed in a box on the floor "lifted themselves" off the ground and spilled all over the office.

As fast as the things were put back again they started hopping afresh.

It all stopped as suddenly as it started. Mr. Osman and four of his assistants witnessed these pranks.

Some think it was a ghost playing games—psychic research folk call it "Poltergeist"—but others are looking for a skilful practical joker!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Savages' Painted Pet

SUNDAY was again our sailing day; and we got under way with a stiff breeze, which reminded us that it was the latter part of the autumn, and time to expect south-easters once more.

We beat up against a strong head wind, under reefed topsails, as far as San Juan, where we came to anchor nearly three miles from the shore, with slip-ropes on our cables, in the old south-easter style of last winter.

We had the strictest orders to look out for south-easters; and the long, low clouds seemed rather threatening.

The captain sent me, who was the only one of the crew that had ever been there before, to the top, to count the hides and pitch them down. There I stood again, as six months before, throwing off the hides, and watching them pitching and scaling to the bottom, while the men, dwarfed by the distance, were walking to and fro on the beach, carrying the hides, as they picked them up, to the distant boats upon the tops of their heads.

Two or three boat-loads were sent off, until at last all were thrown down, and the boats nearly loaded again, when we were delayed by a dozen or twenty hides which had lodged in the recesses of the hill, and which we could not reach by any missiles, as the general line of the side was exactly perpendicular; and these places were caved in, and could not be seen or reached from the top.

The captain sent on board for a pair of topgallant studding-sail halyards, and requested some one of the crew to go to the top and come down by the halyards. I offered my services, and went up, with one man to tend the rope, and prepared for the descent.

We found a stake fastened strongly into the ground, and apparently capable of holding my weight, to which we made one end of the halyards well fast, and taking the coil, threw it over

the brink. I began my descent by taking hold of the rope in each hand, and slipping down sometimes with hands and feet round the rope, and sometimes breasting off with one hand and foot against the precipice and holding on the rope with the other.

In this way I descended until I came to a place shelved in, and in which the hides were lodged. Keeping hold of the rope with one hand, I scrambled in, and by the other hand and feet succeeded in dislodging all the hides, and continued on my way.

Just below this place the precipice projected again; and going over the projection I could see nothing below me but the sea, and the rocks upon which it broke, and a few gulls flying in mid air.

to sheet them home and hoist them up.

"Bear a hand!" was the order of the day; and every one saw the necessity of it, for the gale was already upon us. The ship broke out her own anchor, which we catted and fished, after a fashion, and stood off from the lee shore against heavy head sea, under reefed topsails, fore topmast staysail and spanker.

The fore course was given to her, which helped her a little; but as she hardly held her own against the sea, which was setting her to leeward—"Board the main tack!" shouted the captain; when the tack was carried forward and taken to the windlass, and all hands called to the handspikes. The great sail bellied out hori-

its head the foam, which flew off at every blow, yards and yards to leeward.

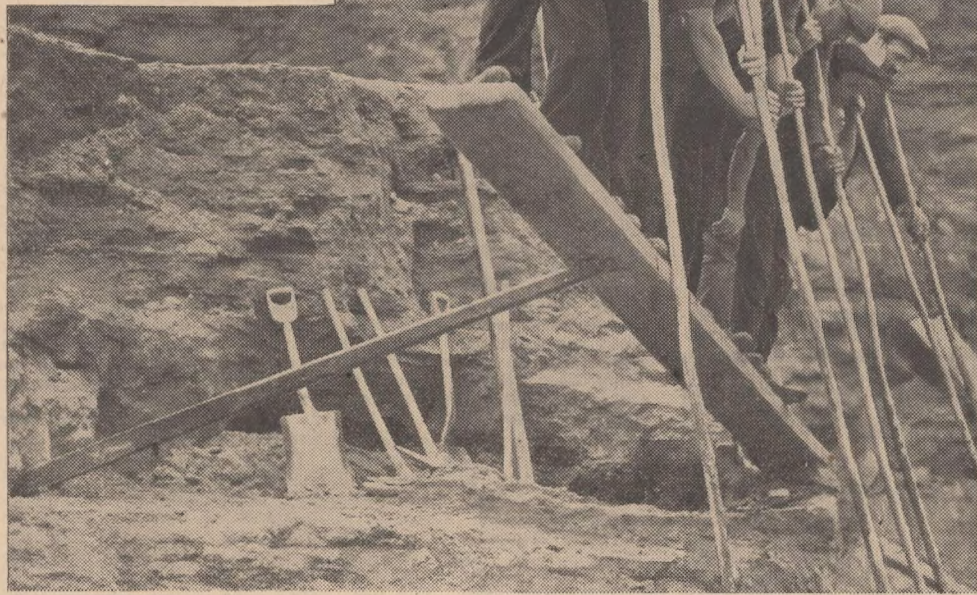
A half hour of such sailing served our turn, when the clews of the sail were hauled up, the sail furlled, and the ship, eased of her press, went more quietly on her way.

Having cleared the point and got well out to sea, we squared away the yards, made more sail, and stood on, nearly before the wind, for San Pedro.

It blew strong, with some rain, nearly all night, but fell calm toward morning, and the gale having gone over, we came to San Pedro, in the old south-easter berth, a league from shore.

Here we lay ten days, with the usual boating, hide-carrying, rolling of cargo up the steep hill,

"Riding a stone" at the Godalming quarries in Surrey. Bargate stone is too brittle for ordinary blasting, and large blocks up to seven tons and more can be obtained by the method of "riding." One end of an iron lever is inserted in the bed of the stone and across the other a plank is placed. Upon this a number of men stand, and, by pushing ash poles they impart motion which soon dislodges the stone.



While we were carrying the hides to the boat I perceived, what I had been too busy to observe before, that heavy black clouds were rolling up from seaward, a strong swell heaving in, and every sign of a south-easter.

The captain hurried everything. The hides were pitched into the boats; and with some difficulty we got the boats through the surf and began pulling aboard. The ship was lying three miles off, pitching at her anchor, and the further we pulled the heavier grew the swell.

We at length got alongside, our boats half full of water; and now came the greatest difficulty of all—unloading the boats in a heavy sea.

With great difficulty we got all the hides aboard and stowed under hatches, the yard and stay tackles hooked on, and the launch and pinnace hoisted, chocked and gripped. The quarter-boats were then hoisted up and we began heaving it on the chain.

Getting the anchor was no easy work in such a sea, but as we were not coming back to this port, the captain determined not to slip.

The ship's head pitched into the sea, and the water rushed through the hawse-holes, and the chain surged so as almost to unship the barrel of the windlass.

"Hove short, sir!" said the mate. "Aye, aye! Weather-bit your chain and loose the top-sails! Make sail on her, men—with a will!" A few moments served to loose the top-sails, which were furlled with the reefs

zontally as though it would lift up the mainstay; the blocks rattled and flew about; but the force of machinery was too much for her.

"Heave ho! Heave and pawl! Yo, heave, hearty, ho!" and, in time with the song, by the force of twenty strong arms, the windlass came slowly round, pawl after pawl, and the weather clew of the sail was brought down to the water-ways.

The starboard watch hauled aft the sheet, and the ship tore through the water like a mad horse, quivering and shaking at every joint, and dashing from

walking barefooted over stones, and getting drenched in salt water.

While lying here we shipped one new hand, an Englishman of about two or three and twenty who was quite an acquisition as he proved to be a good sailor, could sing tolerably, and what was of more importance to me, had a good education, and a somewhat remarkable history.

He called himself George P. Marsh; professed to have been at sea from a small boy, and to have served his time in the smuggling trade between Germany and the coasts of France and England.

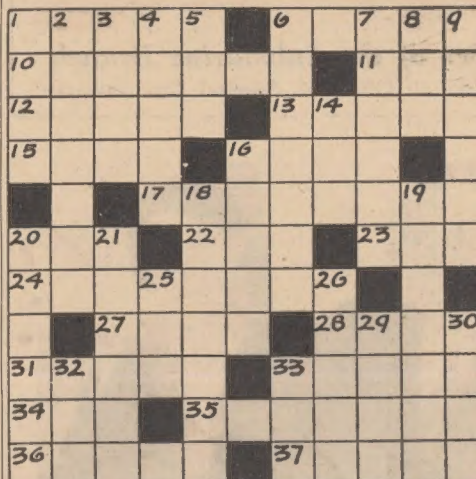
He sailed from New York in the year 1833, if I mistake not before the mast, in the brig

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. DANA

Part 14

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Slang.
- 6 Takes off.
- 10 Apprehend.
- 11 Inexperienced.
- 12 Apart.
- 13 Rebuke.
- 15 Flexible shoot.
- 16 Clinkers.
- 17 In regular succession.
- 20 Fustiness.
- 22 Equal footing.
- 23 Boy's name.
- 24 Tempered.
- 27 Lark.
- 28 Sort of stork.
- 31 Kind of oil.
- 33 Walk haughtily.
- 34 Hurry.
- 35 Seep.
- 36 Girl's name.
- 37 Inexpensive.

REPEAT LILY
ALL VOYAGE
SKEWER PLAN
C AIR SPORE
ABSTAIN ONE
LIE GOODS D
5 METRE SS
MERE ATILT
OCEANS GOAL
STATE INURE
5 MYTHS TEG

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Asiatic.
- 2 Remainder.
- 3 Secure.
- 4 Senior.
- 5 Bind.
- 6 Announce.
- 7 Cold.
- 8 Pet notion.
- 9 Foreign country.
- 14 Panama.
- 16 Remain.
- 18 Work.
- 19 Flavouring.
- 20 Slender spire.
- 21 Triangular walls.
- 25 Namely.
- 26 Trench.
- 29 Cook.
- 30 Bee-hive.
- 32 Lubricant.
- 33 Quoted correctly.

Lascar for Canton. She was sold in the East Indies and he shipped at Manila, in a small schooner bound on a trading voyage among the Ladrone and Pelew Islands.

On one of the latter islands their schooner was wrecked on a reef and they were attacked by the natives, and, after a desperate resistance, in which all their number, except the captain, George, and a boy were killed or drowned, they surrendered, and were carried bound, in a canoe, to a neighbouring island.

In about a month after this an opportunity occurred by which one of their number might get away. They yielded to the captain upon his promising to send them aid if he escaped.

He was successful in his attempt; got on board an American vessel, went back to Manila, and thence to America, without making any effort at their rescue.

The boy that was with George died; and he, being alone, and there being no chance for his escape, the natives soon treated him with kindness, and even with attention.

They painted him, tattooed his body, and, in fact, made quite a pet of him. In this way he lived for thirteen months, in a fine climate, with plenty to eat, half-naked, and nothing to do.

One day he was out fishing in a small canoe with another man when he saw a large sail to windward, about a league and a half off, passing abreast of the island and standing westward.

With some difficulty he persuaded the islander to go off with him to the ship, promising to return with a good supply of rum and tobacco. They paddled off in the track of the ship, and

lay-to until she came down to them.

George stepped on board the ship nearly naked, painted from head to foot, and in no way distinguishable from his companion until he began to speak.

Upon this the people on board were not a little astonished, and having learned his story, the captain had him washed and clothed, and sending away the poor astonished native with a knife or two and some tobacco and calico, took George with him on the voyage.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—363

1. Give a drink to ORLATED and get it started.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?
Newt alg noud ese ym i
llooded lai houst lowly ot yad
het lylop fro gins.
3. Mix NOTES, add H, and get straightforward.
4. Find the two hidden animals in: Phillip and Alice went to the Zoo and met Jack as soon as they arrived.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 362

1. OSIRIS.
2. When the fields are white with daisies I'll be there.
3. Daily.
4. Ma's-tiff, King-Charles.

QUIZ for today

1. Prakrit is a card game, kind of pepper, language, building material, bird?
2. For what book is Lewis Carroll chiefly famous?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Tile, Slate, Straw, Hay, Lead, Stone, Wood.
4. What is a potomato, and who first produced it?
5. What colour is madder?
6. What is the answer if you (a) multiply, (b) divide, any number by 0?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it?—Perry, Perone, Permute, Perny, Periapt.
8. What fish provides an artist's pigment, and what is the colour called?
9. What is the capital of Uruguay?
10. In what constellation is the brilliant star, Sirius?
11. What is the Burnham Scale?
12. How many books in the Bible can you name beginning with N?

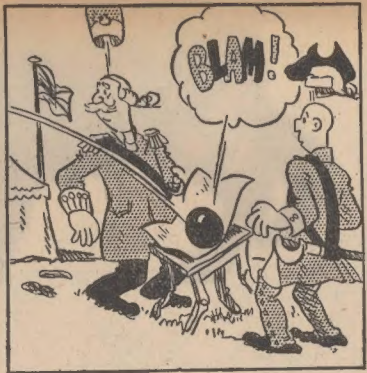
Answers to Quiz in No. 423

1. Draft.
2. Tales from Shakespeare.
3. Whose is a pronoun; others are not.
4. Venus.
5. Cross between an apricot and a plum.
6. Poppy and Hops.
7. Prestigial.
8. Manila.
9. Both the same.
10. Green.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



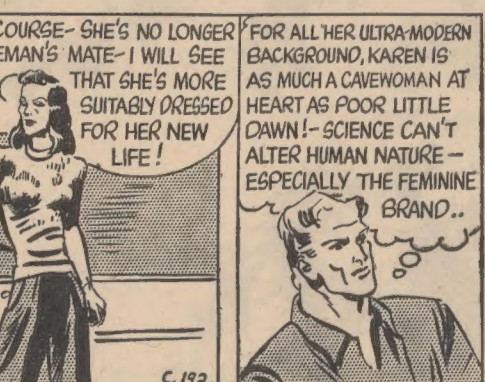
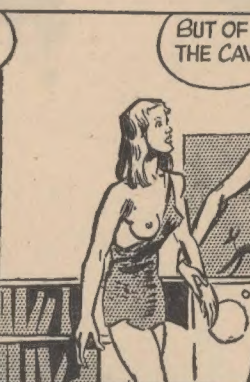
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Dick Gordon on BEING A STAR

AS already announced, when Paramount's managing director, David Rose, was in the States last summer, he "spotted" a lovely young girl named Gail Russell, a commercial art student not long out of high school. Today Paramount is generally congratulating itself upon Gail Russell, who is to be seen in "The Uninvited."

Gail is 18, and you may be sure she was dazed with joy when she was awarded the important feminine lead opposite Ray Milland in this picture. It is the kind of part from which a star is born, and 18-year-old newcomers are rarely presented with such an opportunity. A year ago, Gail had never appeared in even an amateur show!

As may be imagined, when Gail was given the coveted role in "The Uninvited," she walked on air. She waited for that wonderful first day when she would face the cameras as a leading lady with thrilled anticipation.

But it did not turn out the way she had anticipated at all! Her first scenes were played in rain, artificial studio rain it is true, but this is just as wet as the kind that falls from heaven above! They turned the wind machine on her, too. And those first scenes took three hours to film!

The second day she spent in a sailboat on the studio tank. It might as well have been in the middle of the Bay of Biscay on a choppy day. The wave-making machine is a perfect duplicate for Father Neptune's dirtiest work.

The third day they asked her to run up and down a circular staircase about twenty times.

Young Miss Russell found out in a hurry that there's a seamy side to being a successful motion-picture actress. Floating across a comfortably upholstered set in a fashion designer's masterpiece and batting your false eyelashes at the handsome hero while he murmurs sweet nothings in his throaty baritone is only a very small part of the business.

Then there's the man's side of the business. Being a movie star is mighty nice so far as salary and fan-following are concerned, but it often makes a chap go through a lot more than anyone else in a movie troupe just because he is a star.

Take Franchot Tone and his first two days of work on "The Hour Before the Dawn," on location near Mesa, Arizona. The sun was sweltering, and everyone in the crew wore little for comfort. Even those with shirts on had open-necked or polo ones. And they had sun helmets.

But Tone was supposed to be an English gentleman in tweed coat and felt hat, who was looking for farm work. While others stayed on the cool side with scanty clothes and under umbrellas, Tone had to walk and even run round in the bright sunlight wearing that heavy coat and hat. He even had to engage in a fight with Harry Cording, who outweighed him some fifty pounds!

The Warner world contributes such a case, too.

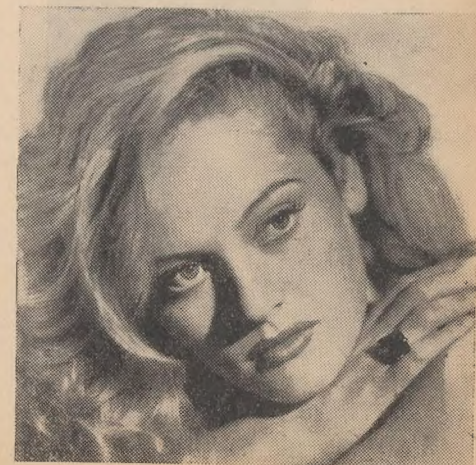
There's a real-life honeymoon brewing there that's striking more snags than any romance the scenario writers can cook up.

The last thing actor Craig Stevens did before joining the Army was to convince Alexis Smith she ought to marry him. But Alexis had to go out into the desert for gold-mining scenes in "The Adventures of Mark Twain," and Craig was away in khaki by the time she came home, so the parson was postponed.

Craig was invalided out of the Army, and returned to the studio. Alexis and he were cast together in "The Dough Girls," a musical that enabled them to plan the future in odd moments between sequences. As the date grew near, history repeated itself, however. Craig has been shot off into the hills for exteriors with Errol Flynn in "Objective Burma," while Alexis tries to find life amusing with Jack Benny and his crazy pack of comedians making "The Horn Blows At Midnight."

The wedding is now fixed for such time as Stevens returns to Hollywood to appear in Rosalind Russell's first Warner picture, "Roughly Speaking." They'll be speaking roughly if it's interrupted then.

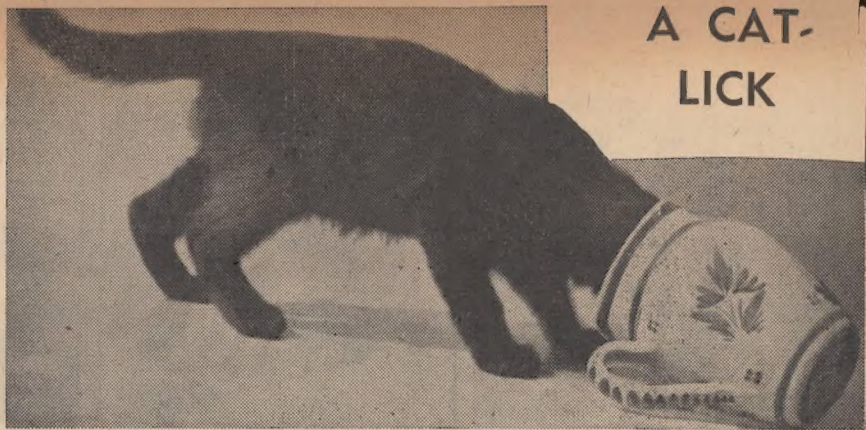
Who'd be a film star!



ALEXIS SMITH.

Good Morning

Lovely American actress, Cheryl Walker, takes a rest in a garden chair, after a game of tennis.

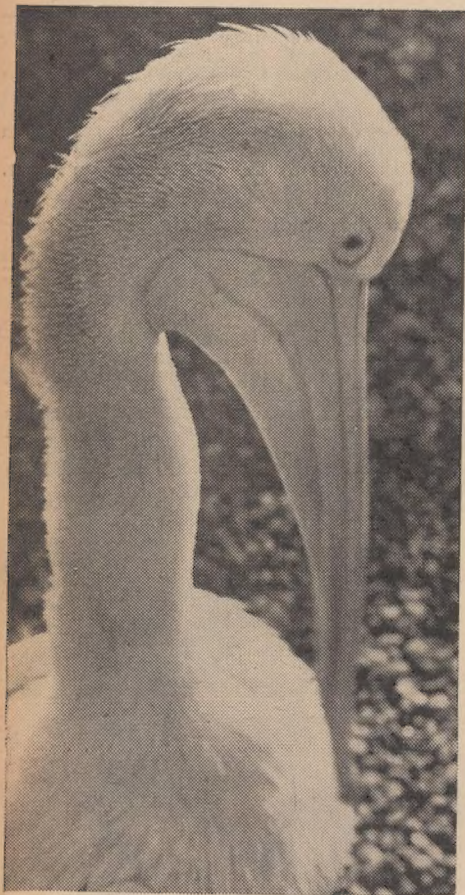


A CAT-LICK

Not the kind of cat-lick we usually suggest, but a real clean up of every drop.



"Maybe sweets are scarce, but you must admit that my thumb tastes positively super."



"I'm not always eating you know. There are times when I simply give myself a clean up."



This England

Stacking the hay at Witton, in Norfolk.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Surely that cat would give you a drop."

